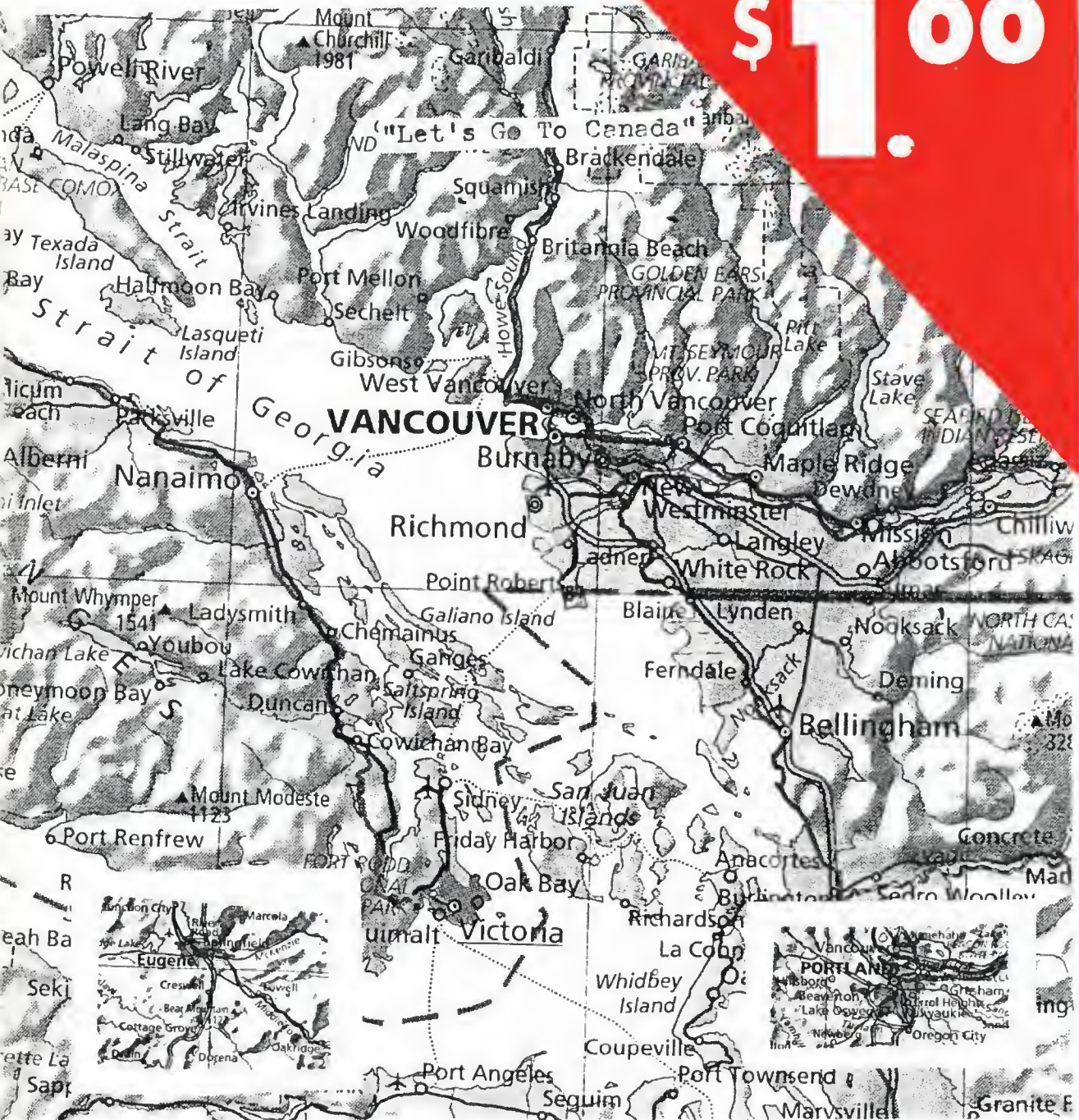


I'd Buy That For A Dollar

Vol. I. (Un-Lucky) #13

\$1.00



The Travel Log Issue:

It has come to my attention that I have been pretty out of touch with the asthetic of two summers ago. That was the summer that started out perfect. Sun, a new house, and new promotion at work paying me more. I had money in my pockets and new records spinning on the stereo. And most importantly, I was affecting change in my community and within myself. Ladies and gentlemen, I was Emo.

What exactly happened aside from two girlfriends, a string of new roommates, bills, and other such bullshit is hard to say. Maybe it was the weather, or maybe that little voice in my head that tells other people to burn things or shoot up High Schools. Whatever it was that changed, things have been very different the last two years.

Drinking, for instance, has been different. I love it, and would never see it as a bad thing, but whereas I used to drink once every couple of weeks and got knocked over by a few beers, now I drink every single day and a six-pack is a warm up for something of Biblical proportions. Okay, so maybe I'm exaggerating, but the point is that something happened here. Something changed somewhere, and though I'm not going to seek out changing it any time soon, it is something to monitor.

I noticed that I have a bit of a gut now. I'm sure you're all laughing at this, but I used to be a toothpick. I used to be the 98 lb. weakling that turned invisible when you turned sideways. Pinching my skin at all was next to impossible because there was nothing to pinch. It wasn't that I didn't eat--I ate all the time when food was around. It was just that I ate Ramen & Potatoes & Rice and I burned a lot of calories by walking all over this godforsaken town. Now, I don't walk as much, and I tend to go for the easy-to-prepare food at Carl's Jr. instead of the rice.

Now this toothpick has a bit of a belly, and though not something to worry about yet, it does concern me I have to suck in my gut in order to see my dick. Something strange happened somewhere, and it's definately something I need to work on. Not that I think I'm fat at all. Not in the least bit. But I can sense that this tiny belly of mine could be the precursor to something to worry about in 15 years. Something to think about the next time I'm sitting around drinking a six pack.

(An interesting point: what would happen if the drinking-in-public law were repealed? I, for one, would probably walk around at night drinking during the summer, thus burning more calories, and thus reducing my belly. Imagine, instead of a country of fat drunks, a country of stumbling, yet very trim, drunks? Now that would be something. I bet drinking parks would open up and the whole world would be a better place. I'd vote for it. Just keep it in mind.)

I've also learned to be bitter. That's something I really don't like. Bitter is one of those things that is charming in a toothless, vomit-encrusted homeless man resenting all who walk in front of him at three in the morning, but on a 24-year-old bookstore-manager trying to cling to the tatters of his ethical and moral beliefs in a town where the last thing anyone wants to hear anything about is your artistic endeavors is something not too attractive. Believe me. Look in the mirror and act bitter. Not too pretty, eh?

I don't know where it came from. Bitter, that is. People are horrible and will go out of their way to make you feel miserable regardless of your attitude or outlook on life. The trick is to ignore them. Somewhere along the way I stopped ignoring them. It's one thing to have a general disinterest and hatred for all those who surround you on a daily basis. (That's normal. Everyone feels like that.) But when you've lost your faith in all humanity and you're waiting for a slow and painful death that won't come, you really need to consider an attitude adjustment.

That's what I've been trying to do. Adjust my attitude, that is.

It's not very easy. Most everything is shit in this town, so it's hard to get a positive attitude about life and return to the Emo philosophy of yesteryear. At last count every single place that had shows around here shut down, therefore reducing all worthwhile concert efforts to expensive W.O.W. Hall excursions. True, we got NOMEANSNO and Man... Or Astro-Man? out of that, but at what cost? (And I'm not just talking about the financial kind.)

Not only that, but they have these supposedly-stricter anti-flyer laws round here and I haven't even seen any decent flyers except for the Violent Femmes one two months ago, and my copy got stolen off the wall of my apartment at my birthday party. What kind of town do we live in where this kind of thing can happen? Now if there was ever a call for a loss of faith in humankind, I think that would be it.

I mean, take one moment to consider this: High School kids these days actually have to buy posters. I remember a time when you walls were covered with xeroxes you got off telephone poles. Now kids don't have that option, so they actually have to resort to *buying* posters? Can you believe that? What kind of world do we live in? Won't somebody think of the children!?

So yeah, music has kind of gone to shit. But we do have the summer theme. "Richter Scale Madness," by ...*And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead*. Despite my general distate for the world around me, everytime I hear that song my heart soars and my spine tingles and all I can think about is that summer if finally, after what seemed like a full year of winter, here, and now *I own* this town. The night, the beer, the people, everything. This time, I AM going to affect change.

How can you go wrong with a theme like that?

Things don't make a lot of sense these days. Girls, music, "the scene" (as my friend PBR is so fond of saying), jobs, and every other thing that affects my life directly. It used to make sense. It used to be that girls always ignored you or scared the shit out of you, music was always there for you, "the scene" provided shows to go to, and your job would always pay you just barely enough to get by from month to month. That was reassuring. That was something you could count on. But I lost sight of that somewhere. Now, the only thing I can count on is my job, and it still doesn't earn you enough money to pay all the bills.

It's the perfect theme. It's time to get back to the base instincts. It's time to go all out and get to the root of what's important: Emo. Play those songs, drink that beer, write those poems and get out of the house. Everything that I used to count on skipped town. So what? I'll just put the shows on myself. I'll throw the parties and I'll document the scene and I'll single-handedly take back what I lost along the way. It's time to take to heart all those philosophies from two years ago. You may think you've outgrown them, but the truth of the matter is you just think you have. There's still a lot more you can do with those beliefs that you overlooked.

And that's what this issue is: and attempt to get back to the base instinct. Everything in here was written with that feeling, that intent in mind. All of it drips of what I've been ranting about in the above. If you don't like it, maybe you should stay away from Eugene for a while, because I'm taking over.

The Travel Journal was written (duh!) on the road with Damien, Cori and Austin as Inspiration. Special thanks to all of them, who forced me to go on the trip when I didn't even have enough money to afford to go. You guys kick my ass. "'90's Sitcom Joke," was written a while ago, but it finally made it to print. Too late, I might add. The NOMEANSNO review was written a while ago too (uh, like February), but I think it has a certain timeless quality to it that captures the feeling of now more than ever. The Comic (by the Ramen City Kid) was actually mailed to me over a year ago when he was living in Hungary. I only just now re-found it (he had to make me another copy, actually) and finally decided to run it. Sorry tough guy. The "Secret Crush," has been lying around, in different written forms, for quite a while. It took me own need to fill the last little space here to cull together all the different versions into this one. Sorry if you know who you are, but... well, you know.

And now, on with the show.

--G.M. (6/7/99)

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All text written by G.M. All photos were taken by Cori (unless otherwise note) using her camera. Nude drawings by Damien. The comic was by The Ramen City Kid. All layouts & Covers arranged by Your's Truly.

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Special Thanks To: Cori, Damien & Austin; "Angry Man" Josh; Sabrina The Teenage Witch; The Blitzhäus Party Crew; The Ramen City Kid who went above and beyond the call of duty in finding the impossible-to-find "Better Off Dead" single by The Wipers (for which I owe him many blow jobs and my immortal soul. "I love you man... No, really, I LOVE you."); ...*And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead* (again); Kelly Varicoaster; Varicoaster Chris for the correspondence; Lyra; Tara; PBR; Plasma Whore; Beer Powered Bicycle; Justin & Mom and the crew at Neighbors (long story); & anyone else I forgot this time.

Submissions / Back Issue Requests (1 - 5, 7 - 12 still available) / Mailing List Additions / Gay Bar Pamphlets:

I'd Buy That For A Dollor c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing P.O. Box 10502 Eugene, OR 97440

All letters will be answered (really. I'm not kidding. Honest).

Introduction.

One night I was drinking 40's w/ Cori & we started talking about our friend Josh (who so graciously lent his image for the back cover of issue #11 if you've still got it lying around somewhere). Josh had made this glorious plan to go to Ireland & live out 1 of those dreams all young people have about seeing the homeland or some shit like that, & his estimated time of departure was March 18th (fuckin' early in the morning to be exact). Because Josh is 1 of those completely insane people, he wanted to have St. Patties Day this year be the same night as his going away party. This automatically implied there was no hope of sobriety whatsoever, & getting Josh to the airport on time was slowly getting into the impossible realm. Regardless, he was going through w/ the party & the trip.

Cori asked me if I was going & I immediately said, "Fuck yeah." Josh & I have a bit of history & there was no way in hell I was going to miss what could end up being the event of the season, regardless how it turned out. Cori agreed to give me a ride to the party & all was well.

Over time the plan began to evolve. I told Cori I was taking vacation time & the idea of heading up to Seattle was presented. Sure, why not? Well, why not Canada? Why not take a week off instead of just a few days? The whole plan quickly snowballed into this journey of epic proportions. Things were out of control. I liked it.

Now the trip was going to happen in Cori's mom's van, w/ her brother Austin & our mutual friend Damien comming along too. Damien is 1 of the coolest guys I've ever met, but sadly we've never really hung out much outside parties @ my pad. It would be nice to bond w/ him on this trip. Austin (not to be confused w/ my roommate Austin Rich) I had only just met, & so far he was pretty cool. Unfortunately I had a small hang-up about his age, him being only 14. It was mostly the concern that we all planned to drink a lot, which meant we were going to have to let him drink too, & since I was the only 1 over 21, this lent even more weight to the possible problem of me getting locked in jail for the rest of my life. But soon enough I forgot about that considering that he never really acted like he was 14. That immediately won him over in my heart & soon enough this trip was shaping up to be pretty fuckin' cool.

Josh made a few alterations in his plans & came down to do some pre-going away partying here in Eugene before heading up to Portland for the main event. This worked out beautifully seeing how we could give him a ride back up to Portland & get the whole thing started off w/ a bang.

From here on out my Journal picks the story up pretty well, so I'll turn it over to that:

3/18/99. 1:13 A.M. Portland. Pat & Angie's House.

If you're going to do something, do it right. I made no illusions that I would not do this trip, just that I could not. They insisted. "No problem." "We've got your back." "What are friends for?" It was that easy. Tell my boss to fuck off for 2 weeks, tell everyone else I'm going to Canada, & let the festivities begin. Fear & Loathing. Nothing can stop us now.

Josh showed up unexpectedly. Pre-take-off party that lasted for days. Before any of this shit began, he just knocked on the door & said, "Let's drink," & it's been a blur ever since. I had to work every day. "C'mon." Fine. Who needs sleep. It just detracts from the surreality of the whole thing. So what if I was still trying to tie up all the loose ends? There were minds to loose, things to drink, & hours of philosophy to discuss. The world wasn't built in a day, & neither were our friendships. Amazing how it all comes to a head when we're drunk, though.

I've known Josh almost as long as my last ex, & then some if you count Wendy's. Cori, Austin & Damien I met since then, but it seemed like long enough to jump in a van w/ them. It was weird to see plans made months previously actually come to fruition. Almost like a child growing up. Who knows if it will even turn out the way you've asked it to. You just have to sit back & hope & pray & watch & learn.

Blitzhäus. Beers all fuckin' night. Even after Josh & Cori left it was 8 A.M. w/ a beer & Peanut Sauce curry that burned a hole through my mind *and* my stomache w/ Justin, Tobey & The Ramen City Kid. Then it's time to pass out on the Sleepy Couch. 12 noon. Phone call. No rest for the wicked. They show up, I pile in. A few quick errands & we pop in, "Let's Go To Canada," by 5 Iron Frenzy. We're on the road. Canada, here we come!

We decided to start the trip off slow, considering it wasn't our van & everyone but me was underage. We passed around some cough syrup Damien had brought and some Beast Ice in an Ice Tea

container, then quickly moved on to reading Kafka & discussing the text like old literary pros. Amazing, really. The fuzz sets in & time slooooooows down to a ridiculous rate. Then... snap! We're in Portland.

Coffee. We'd already had 1 cup & we needed more. No human can maintain under these circumstances w/out it. More phone calls. More coffee. Tension builds. Excitement. This is not your average trip into the other worlds that exist beyond sleep. This is about the human condition. The conundrum that is our lifespans on this wretched planet. "Can we maintain?" Can it make sense when our chemical intake exceeds that of any other person surrounding us?

First things first. Josh needs to be seen off to Ireland, a horrible idea in it's conception. The most pissed off, & subsequently vulgar piece of flesh I've come to know in my lifetime has somehow, through the powers that be, gained a plane ticket to the promised land w/ enough spending money to see him through. The idea was horrible because I wanted it to be me. We were all sad to see him go & jealous as all get out. What right did he have to rub it in our face that he was leaving the country for many moons in an attempt to live out our dreams when we all had to return to our drab, wretched lives & jobs in a few short days?

Whiskey. St. Patties Day. Guinness. 4 guys all bent on male bonding & complete disregard for our own well being. We build to a climax of epic proportions. First the music, conversation, 1 beer, then 1 shot. Follow up w/ tumblers full of whatever we can find w/ alcohol in it. It's never simple. It's never picket fences & Lexi & a 9 to 5 job. It's busting our asses twice as hard in half the time to make this trip work. It's calling debt collector's to arrange payment schedules. It's dealing w/ ex-girlfriends & miscarriages & back-stabbing & everyone knowing & hating all the details of my life & late bills & beer after beer after beer after beer after shot of whiskey after shot of whiskey after shot of whiskey. I wouldn't trade it for the world.

It's never easy. Hugging & crying & saying, "This is beautiful. I love you." I can't even begin to describe the joy I felt when we were all roaming the streets, arm in arm, wiping puke from our faces & having the time of our lives. How can I? What could I say to summarize it all? @ least Josh got his last beer & cup 'o ramen w/ us. We'll miss you tough guy.

3/18/99. 3:15 P.M. Van To Olympia.

Pat & Angie are 2 of the nicest people I've ever met in my life. Showing up suddenly expecting a place to crash & entertainment on St. Patties Day is a bit much to ask of anyone, but w/ open arms & bottles of beer they welcomed us into their home so we could get them drunk, keep them awake, trash their house, & deprive them of privacy. All that was left was to get Josh to the airport on time & get some much needed sleep after this utterly insane 48 binge.

This task would not prove easy. Damien & Pat & Josh & I had been drinking rather heavily, & Angie was far too tired & we were far too manly to let either her or Cori give Josh a much needed sober ride. Damien was quickly falling pray to the clutches of sleep, so as we pensively discussed how this was our greatest adventure yet, we laid the foundation of our new plan to get Josh on his plane on time.

Black coffee & ramen. These 2 elements, coupled w/ Pat driving drunk & us blasting Bad Religion, were going to insure that the airport would not foil any of our plans. Light speed we flew through the mazy streets of Portland singing along w/ every word we did or didn't know. Parking structure. Run to the check-in desk. 2 hours early. Piece of cake.

The line slowly crept forward as we gabbed about everything & nothing. Drunken hallucinations crept around the airport as horrible yuppie clones on their way to Huston rushed to meet their "Package Tour" coordinator in some sort of attempt to fill the empty void that is their own meaningless existence. Inch by inch the line crept on. I began to slowly feel worse & worse as hate built up inside of me. It slowly started to seethe from every pore. All we had to do was get to that counter, check his bag, check his ticket, & we'd be out of there. We'd be happy, these horrible fuckin' bastards that all glared @ us like we were some breed of evil monsters would be happy we were gone, it was, in general, a win-win situation. We all tried our hardest to be as polite & nice & fake as possible as we waited. We'd get there, eventually.

There comes a point when you loose control of that polite lid you keep on situations (like this one, for example), & very quickly our dialog consisted of scathingly resentful & hate-filled comments on the subject of knives & guns & yuppies & somehow combining them all in 1 big gory happy red mess.

The line crept on in it's painfully slow destiny.

Two people behind us asked if they could move ahead since their Huston flight was boarding in minutes. Grudgingly we conceded to their request w/ the poor logic that maybe this good deed would



Josh. Blitzhäus. Pre-Take-Off
Celebrating. Photo By Cori.



Left To Right: Me, Josh, Damien, Pat
(Seated) Austin. Photo By Cori.



Pat. Drunk. His Apt.
Photo By Cori.



Angie & Cori. Photo By Josh?



Pat Teaches Austin To Drink Whiskey.

somehow benefit us. The counter soon emptied. We were @ the head of the line. Finally. We stepped forward.

The checkout girl motions for Josh & explains to him that cock-sucking yuppies on their way to Huston ranked more important than hard-working people living out their dream in life. She politely asked him to fuck off in the corner while she then let the Huston-bound cattle (who were all told to show up 2 hours early but somehow forgot & showed up very late anyway) all check their six-thousand bags & children @ the desk. Steam began to shoot out our ears.

We are patient people most of the time. We work hard & we drink heavily & we partake in our self-destructive lives away from anyone who really could be offended. Now, @ this brief little moment in time when our 2 lifestyles have to overlap, who are the inconsiderate assholes who practice discrimination & anti-establishment practices & who are the people just trying to live their lives & do what they have to do who then get blocked every step of the way? They glanced @ Josh & broke their own first-come, first-served rule just to please the insatiable urge we all have to gain power over another person. Hate emanated from us like beams of light; twice as hot, 30 times more dangerous.

Josh made a small joke about next time showing us 5 minutes before his flight is about to take-off because they would just rush him right through, apparently. No 1 laughed.

We were filthy. We stank of booze & puke & ramen and, in Josh's case which made me crave them quite a bit, cigarette smoke. We looked crazy, as if @ any moment we could go for the throat. All of this & now we'd been shat on. "Huston! Now checking Huston flights!" How much was there to do in that fucking town? How many more yuppies could go to that town before it reaches the saturation point? We had long ago passed the point of reserved over-apologetic politeness & even under-the-breath outright rudeness & now no longer gave a shit. "Huston? Yeah, fuck off. We hope your plane goes down in flames. No, we don't want to move out of your way. Could you bend over so we can kick you in the ass? Thanks. HEY! Huston passengers! Hurry up & board before the bomb we planted goes off w/out you. Yeah, we hate you too. Have a nice day, asshole!" We had finally reached the breaking point.

The line swept past us as we gave everyone the evil eye. Kids, parents, grandparents, it mattered not. If Huston was their destination, death was our wish for them. Hours passed into years, years into centuries. The drunken hallucinations were now reduced to visions of beds everywhere. The equation was simple: when Josh was checked in & on his plane the madness would end & sleep would be w/in my grasp. But the temptation to curl up in a chair was pretty great. Swig of coffee. Swig of water. Soon, they will all die. Yes, soon enough.

As if through divine intervention, the line cleared & no 1 claimed Huston as their destination. We hooted & hollered in joyfull, tearfilled bleets of ecstacy as Josh sauntered to the counter & checked in--a task that took every other passenger 15 minutes but took Josh a mere 30 seconds. W/ a tip of our hats & the finger for the hopefully-doomed-&-soon-to-be-asteroid-ridden Huston flight, we bolted in a direction that led us quickly away from the Hell we'd just been through.

We weaved & we stumbled. An airport is not a friendly place for a drunk. Everything is confusion & bright lights & people more surly than you. These people want nothing more than to catch their flight & they will do anything to accomplish this. It's never been a question of morality or conscious or anything else for these ripe bastards intent on being your worst nightmare. Nothing else enters their mind. Fucking your shit up isn't intentional, just a reality when attempting to complete the larger goal. Drunks beware! As you are stumbling around trying to make sense of the incomplete structures or the fact signs point you to places that either don't exist yet or aren't what the sign said it was, you will not enjoy your drunken state 1 bit. You will curse the fact your sobriety is not up to snuff, & rue the man who ran you over on the way to gate 5 & your big comeback was, "Hey... uhm, you! Uh... fuck you man!"

Luck could only be described when explaining how we found the metal detector that, once passed through, led to the gate Josh's flight departed from. Fortunately Josh decided against smuggling guns, knives & bombs so we had no problems getting to the gate. A sturdy handshake, a hearty hug, a pat on the back & a good luck. Tears in the eyes. It was good to see him go if only because he would have done the same for us.

W/ that there was only 1 more thing to do: puke. It had been welling up inside of me for some time now & as Pat & I were walking to the car I felt it was very important to get this taken care of. I vered off toward the nearest bathroom & Pat looked @ me understandingly as I quickened my pace.

I entered the bathroom & grabbed the door of the first stall I could find. I didn't even have time to close the door or even get on my hands & knees. Black chunks w/ blood & bile issued forth in the toilet & I didn't miss even a single drop. As I finally hunkered down to the floor & began the routine of violently &

loudly heaving everything from out of my stomache, I glanced down to my left & saw a pair of black, shiny shoes in the stall next to me. I could practically see my reflection. I also saw a pair of slacks around the ankles, a pair of boxers, & a briefcase. In between heaves I could hear a paper rustle. Now this must be entertaining to him. I had no belief that I could hold that much shit in my body w/out having some negative side effects, & it felt like it was all culminating in putting on this show for this guy. Fuck, he was probably on his way to a buisness meeting somewhere, patiently waiting for his flight, & this poor sick kid in the stall next to him who couldn't hold his liquor was going to make a good anecdote for the opening of his presentation. I didn't care. I finished, went to the sink & wiped my lips, blew my nose, & drank some water. I got out of there before he even saw me.

Pat & I, shoulder to shoulder, got in the car & put on X. Bloodshot eyes, conversation. It's weird how things have a natural progression. Events uncoil in a certain way & it was meant to be. It was supposed to happen. This night was supposed to happen this way. It's hard to explain. But that morning as we sang along w/ X on the way to the hardwood floor that became my bed, I thought that I had found something few other nights have ever supplied. I felt closer to both Pat & Josh than I ever have.

W/ a hug & a thanks, it was finally time to sleep. I passed right out in seconds. I tried to dream but it wasn't necessary. Nothing my subconscious could make up could even compare.

3/19/99. 1:50 P.M. Van To Where They Filmed Twin Peaks In Washington.

We all woke up within 10 minutes of each other and decided that we needed more coffee and food before we hit the road to Olympia. Pat & Angie joined our intrepid quartet for breakfast at My Father's Place (it's a restaurant, not my dad's house), a slow going but necessary event that filled not just our stomachs but our hearts. Yesterday had taken a lot out of us and we were looking for something mellow to keep us going this day. Canada may be the ultimate destination, but right now we needed something manageable. Damien wanted to see his brother in Olympia, so the two hour drive was to be our next step.

Olympia is sacred in my heart because of some of the albums I own, but without fore-knowledge of where to go or who to look for, it wasn't as exciting. In a way, that was good. Excitement was not needed in order to recoup from the night before. True, it would have been cool to go rock-star hunting and maybe find a few of the local sullen teens to drink coffee with, but we needed rest more than anything if we were gonna last the whole way. We opted for some shopping and then some light drinking with Matt, Damien's brother.

Whiskey, nectar of the gods. How I love you so. Any night with you is a good night--rowdy, mellow, loud or quiet. A good friend for any time of the day, or year for that matter. You never lie, never stab me in the back, never hurt me or manipulate me. Good friends until the end.

Couch. Good night. May Matt's hospitality assist other weary travelers in search of their own adventures and stiff drinks. Thanks tough guy!

3/20/99. 10:30 A.M. Canada Border Checkpoint.

Breakfast in Olympia was an uphill battle and we all lost. The portions were ridiculously large and the food was really good. None of us could have possibly finished.

Graffiti On The Wall In Oly: Downtown Olympia Is A Graffiti Free Zone.

Goodbyes, then back on the road. It's not the destination, but the journey. The feeling that, from here on out, we have no real places to stay and no actual destinations. Just the general Canada. We can take our time and go any way we please. There was one thing that was sitting heavily on our minds: Austin, Cori's brother.

Austin is 14. Apparently they will not allow people of his age into Canada (or any foreign country, apparently) without a parent. This fact bothered us because there was nothing in the world that would keep us out of Canada, and somehow committing the illegal act of taking Austin over the boarder made us all nervous. But we felt no need to be concerned yet. We had to hit Snoqualmie first.

It was very important for Cori to see this town because parts of Twin Peaks was filmed there (and in the surrounding areas). Fire Walk With Me is one of my favorite movies, but for some reason I couldn't quite get into it as much as Cori. That is, until we saw the train cars & the train bridge. I love trains. Trains set off this childlike excitement matched by no other experience I've ever encountered. Seeing rows & rows of these old, fucked up train cars & steam engines... wow! It was quite an experience.

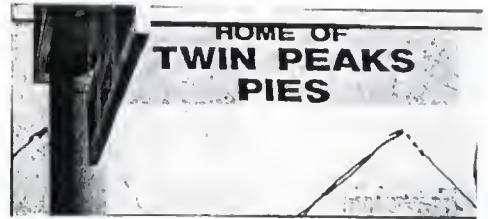
Pie & coffee in the diner. T-shirts at the gift shop. Searching for every little site every scene was filmed at. The Snoqualmie falls. It was really creepy standing near the intersection where the One-Armed Man yelled at Laura & her father in the movie. Then it was time to hit the road again. Down some more



Snoqualmie Falls. Photo By Cori.



Us At The Lookout Point At Snoqualmie Falls. Photo By A Nice Stranger.



The "Twin Peaks" Diner In Snoqualmie. Photo By Me (Sign By Cori).

cough syrup & antihistamines with a coffee chaser and we're ready to roll.

At this point our roles in the trip had been well established. It was Cori's role to drive us around, laugh unexpectedly at things, and in general have lots of fun. It was Damien's role to get fucked up with me in order to reach a contemplative state of self & group discovery... and to help navigate. It was my role to document the trip, say silly things that made no sense, refer to the Simpsons a lot, try to corrupt Austin, and lapse into silent emo-contemplative states for long periods of time. And it was Austin's role to have a good time, mis-pronounce things in a way that's really fuckin' cool, bitch about not having any TV to watch, then ask if we could listen to Alice Cooper again.

We all had our places.

We cruised I-5 until it started to grate on Cori's nerves, then began to trek on off roads that better fit our state of mind. We got lost a few times, and each time Damien would suddenly look up from the map and reveal to us where we were. The roads were awesome. Mountain paths that led us along the edge of Puget Sound. Beautiful. It was night, which made it all that more cool. We ohhed & ahhed at the majestic land we were traveling through. This was what a company paid vacation was all about. It also helped I was really fucked up.

At one point we pulled off in a small town to try and figure out where we were. There was this really awesome neon sign across the street that read, "Masonic Temple." In neon! I didn't even think and quickly snapped a picture right when this drunk guy walked by. He started yelling at me. I tried to explain that it was the sign, not him, that I was taking a picture of, but I was fucked up too and it wasn't working. He started yelling and cussing more and his girlfriend was holding him back. Just great. Now I was gonna get my ass kicked by some drunk Mason and his girlfriend. Damien was muttering to himself about how he really didn't want to have to kill anyone, and eventually the guy and girlfriend go into their T-Bird and we drove out of town as fast as possible. I cursed my own stupidity. But at least I got the picture.

Eventually we got sick of getting lost and pulled off at a market somewhere to get a better map. The market ruled. The guy at the register was a real life Apu from the Simpsons. I couldn't believe it! The pornography section was above anything I've ever seen in a corner market. At least 50 different titles. Just 18. Gallery. Barely 18. So much porno, all unwrapped, right next to the candy aisle. What a weird state.

More driving. Everytime I was about to fall asleep I'd catch something out of the corner of my eye that would wake me up. The chemical-addled state I'd maintained for so long now was really doing a number on me that was even more spectacular than any alcohol/over-the-counter combination had produced yet. The scenery was amazing.

Finally, about 10 miles from Canada, we pulled into a rest area to sleep. A little whiskey, a beer. Damien's brother gave us a box of these short bottle "white trash" beers called Bohemian, and that word had already taken on the overall tone of our trip thusfar. It felt right to be drinking that beer, even if it was "white trash." I liked it. We talked about our lives and our goals & our beliefs. Live in close, close quarters with someone under traveling conditions and you learn quite a bit about each other. The human condition is an interesting thing to encounter. It teaches you more about why you are the way you are. All by watching other people.

Pass out in the front seat. Wake up every hour. It's people like us who keep the idea alive that if you keep on looking you'll find a lot more than what you started looking for. At least I hope so.

3/21/99. 11:05 A.M. Somewhere In Washington On Our Way Back To Portland, OR.

Damien had forced us to take Ibuprophine the night before, so I felt awesome even though I hadn't slept much. I took two more of the horse-pill-sized antihistamines and a swig of the ice-cold coffee from yesterday. I was more than ready to cross the border into Canada.

We packed up all the alcohol we had left in my bag, which consisted of the one remaining, & now sacred, Bohemian Beer, a half-bottle of Black Velvet Whiskey, & some empty Bohemian bottles we all wanted to keep. The remaining six pack of beer (Beast Ice) we hid in a panel under the back seat. We gave Austin a quick run-down about how he shouldn't lie to them but should try to not have to tell them his age. Then we were off.

We covered the 10 miles in silence. Finally, after a long wait in line, they started questioning us at the booth. We answered all the questions ("No, we don't have any alcohol.") and were soon asked to go to some building so they could check our IDs. It was that moment the antihistamines kicked in. I had taken more than I had the day before, so I was all fucked up. Sure, go through my pockets. Let the drug-sniffing dog walk all over our shit. This has got to be illegal and I'll have your asses someday soon! At



Damien, Me & Austin On The Railroad Bridge. Photo By Cori.

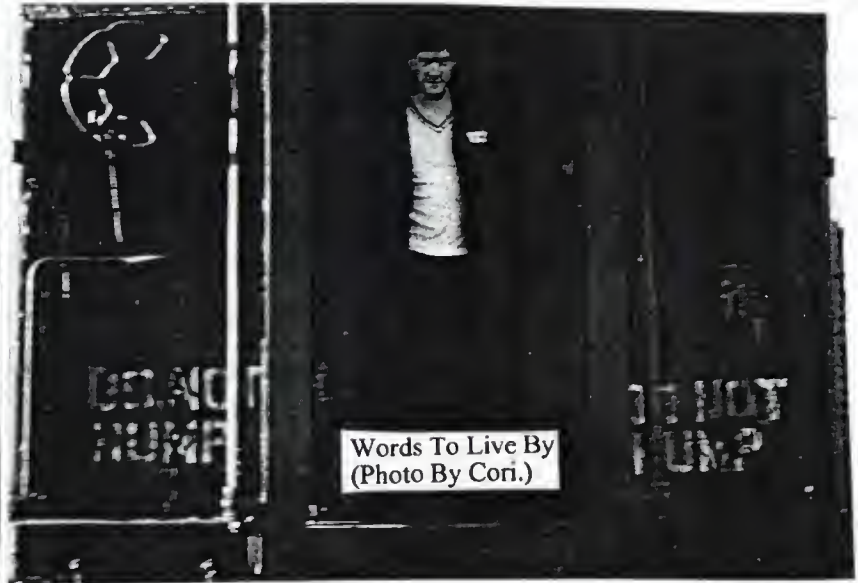
The Sign That Almost Got Me Killed.



I Found This Sign In The Rest Area We Stayed In. It's Funnier If You Don't Know That, Though. Photo By Me.



This Stop Sign Was At The High School They Used For "Twin Peaks." I Snapped This One Too.



least, that's what I wanted to say. I was a little too fucked up to really care enough to actually say it.

They were very complete in their search of the van, but they missed the beer and my bag and soon we were on Canadian soil feeling very violated but happy to have actually made it in. It was odd how they seemed wary of us. They at one point accused us of being in a band. I imagine this had more to do with the fact we were in a van and that we looked ragged, but I still felt weird about it. I think it was our ages that really set them off. Oh well. If I didn't want to be discriminated against I'd dress a little nicer and play their game. Their game is for them, and mine is for me. It was the second time this trip that it had happened, though, so it did really irk me. Oh well. Life goes on. It just reaffirms that they're the ones who need an attitude adjustment, not me.

(Note: After the trip I related this part of the story to my friend Justin, who told me the kind of inspection they gave us was the most extreme kind they give. He's been to Canada so many times it's ridiculous, and according to him they do pull that kind of inspection randomly. Oh well. I don't feel too bad because Justin said he has gotten all levels of severity at one time or another. Still, it does kind of irk me.)

I have never left the country before, so I felt like a little kid. But it was obvious that the toll of being the only driver during this trip was beginning to affect Cori. We opted to stop in a mall to try and take all of this in. Postcards, Canada paraphanelia, that sort of stuff. After all, we were tourists. What else were we supposed to do?

More driving. Vancouver is the largest city I've ever been in. I've never seen so many people and buildings crammed together. It was a bad place for someone like me, used to knowing where everything is and being able to walk there if need be. Couple this with my wacky state of mind and there was a lot of staring in non-comprehension. We wandered into a record-store that was just ridiculous in it's size, then down this street with thousands of shops & people everywhere. Nothing was making sense. Finally, out of nowhere, we spotted something we all recognized: Hooters. The restaurant, that is.

French fries, a pitcher of Heinekens, and tight clothes on the waitresses. Compared to the confusion on the street, this was easy enough to take in. More beer, look around the place. Signs everywhere. "Beer! More than just a breakfast drink!" "Hooters. Tacky, yet unrefined." "(On the bathroom door) Used Beer Depository." It was really amazing. Yeah, in most jobs women in nice clothes are gonna get stared at because women are beautiful and look good. You just keep it casual and no one really minds unless you act on it. But here, it's expected. The entire premise of the restaurant is to stare at the waitresses boobs while eating chicken wings & drinking beer. What a weird concept. It's like some twisted 1950's fantasy would. I loved it... and at the same time, couldn't understand it. It was like some Gary Larson cartoon. I didn't really understand it, and so, by default, thought it was funny. The synapses had to do *something* to make sense of it, right? Cori, the only girl in our party, was really into it. She bought t-shirts and everything. It was really surreal. Time to go.

Being drunk, retracing our steps back to the van, was worse than being fucked up on the anti's. Comfort was all I could think about, but everywhere there were people and buildings and bright lights and signs and people and buildings and bright lights and signs and... confusion. It was good to get back to the van. It now, in my mind, represented safety. Comfort. Refuge.

We drove around some more until we found a motel and checked in with little trouble. We all eyed the shower greedily for various hygienic reasons, and one by one we set out to complete those hygienic goals. Feeling clean, refreshed, and only slightly drunk, I downed a beer and went about trying to get the address of a 5-Pin bowling alley.

Pat had told us about 5-Pin and it sounded like a blast. The only problem was we had no clue how to get anywhere and we'd been looking all day without any luck. I decided we just needed to get directions by calling a place from the phonebook. Success! Hop in the van and... wait a minute, these are bogus directions. This sucks.

It could have been that I heard him wrong, but either way we had no clue where this supposed bowling alley was. As we were about to head back to the motel, Cori, aided by the gods themselves, sighted in very small neon lights a sign that said, "Bowl." True success! It wasn't the one we were looking for, but it would work none the less. Cori kicks ass, yet again, beyond what we all expected.

We had no clue how 5-Pin bowling worked and it didn't help that some church group was having a weird cosmic bowling thing going on. Cosmic Bowling involved a black light, lowering the regular lights, turning on these weird disco lights, and pumping the place full of loud KNRQ type music I didn't recognize. Furthermore, it was obvious that you don't keep score like you do in 10-Pin, but being too polite and chemically messed up, we choose to just fake it. I reached into the depths of my mind to when I

| Summer '99

by G.M.

Song:

"Dream Machine / John & Exene / Smear campaign & a S.W.A.T. team / Let's have a feudal lord / Let's have a fascist regime / Side effects coupled with withdrawal bleeding / This is a riot, right? / Let's all RIOT RIOT! / Let's tear this place to shit, commit pact suicide / (you know you all want it, let's all kill ourselves) / (Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill...) / Put your hand to my mouth / And a gun to my head / Let's stop this false pretence / become real friends / Let's ahave a mustard gas war / because a fuck's a fuck / Richter Scale Madness, join the gun club."

--"Richter Scale Madness" by ...*And You Will Know Us
By The Trail Of Dead*

Responsible Parties:

Myself (G.M., Austin Rich, whatever...), Varicoaster Chris, Jesse Ransom Jesse Ransom, Cori, K-Bot, Libby, Dan The Man, The Lord Of Darkness, Kiisu, Lyra Cyst, The Ramen City Kid, Glyndon & Jeff, Captain Morgan ("Captain On Deck!"), "Angry Man" Josh, etc.

Continuing To Be The Most Quoted Thing Of All Time:

The Simpsons

Most Common Theme Party:

WWF Raw & Pay Per View Sundays.

Shows:

Mr. Bungle, They Might Be Giants (forthcomming), Fugazi, Jello Biafra, Man... Or Astro-Man? (again) w/ Rock*A*Teens, Melvins, Shortround Wristrockets FilthyFew ConMen etc., The Donnas w/ Bell & Limp, Violent Femmes, Wesley Willis, Mondale's First Show (which I missed... foo, I hate!)

Most Common Non-Media Related Quote:

"Foo... I hate."

Crushes:

Becca (cont.), Indie-Rock Mom @ Disc Jockey, Indie-Rock Kids @ Disc Jockey, Defense Lawyer ("Hmmm... Legal!"), Vets Club Girls, Becca (cont.), The Donna's Bass Player (Solid Blue, skin-tight t-shirt with black letters across the breasts reading: "Blue Ballz." Sigh.), Exene Cervenka (Still... "Virtual Unreality" is really fuckin' cool), Nicole Panter (Still... "Fuck" is one of the sexiest spoken word pieces ever), Becca (cont.), Other minor continued things with regular, un-attainable friendly house regulars.

New Music:

Anything on my new Record Player (xxx-ooo), CDs from Lyra Cyst (thanks for being poor and needing quick cash), New Mr. Bungle album ("None Of Them Knew They Were Robots"), Tight Bros. From Way Back When "Runnin' Through My Bones" LP ("Are you ready to rock? I believe I will take that as a Yeah!"), Wipers "Better Off Dead" 7" (You don't even know how much you rule Ramen City Kid), Mondale Demo ("Don't Bone Her / Don't Bone Her / You're Gonna Feel Bad If You Bone her." Excerpt from "Song For Cody"), "Metal Masterpiece" by The Lord Of Darkness.

Memorable Evenings:

My birthday. 1 bottle of Bushmills. Becca breaks up with me and moves to Portland. Everyone and their brother is there including 1,000,000 crusties Rat brought who take over the living room, the stereo, and steal my Violent Femmes poster. Keg stands in the kitchen lead to footprints on the ceiling. Meet Joe from the Varicoasters for the first time (fuck yeah!).

Justin's going away party at Jogger's. Glyndon actually comes out of the house to join us! Have fun in "EN ZED" tough guy.

Pat & Angie come to Eugene for a night and we convene at Damien's pad before Ching skipped town and get absolutely hammered. Ramen City Kid and I are literally are the last two people to leave.

Tobe-a-dellie Relic & The Keystone kids get fucked up and pee off the balcony, then don't tell us about it. Madcap Hijinx ensue. When I confront Tobe about it he tries to beat the shit out of me. The Lord Of Darkness holds him back. Eviction for Tobe, new home of Lyra Cyst, so all is well in the long run.

Varicoaster Chris gets back from England and we convene at Kelly & Andy & Jenny's pad. Forty-Dicks abound! Crotch-Rockets for everyone!

The Three Amigos Form! (Jesse Ransom Jesse Ransom, Varicoaster Chris & myself.) Coffee & The Resturant At The End Of The Universe become central in our outings. Mondale comes to fruition!

Cori & Sabrina's birthday party! We convene here and rock out again! I had to work early so I cut the night short and sleep.

Meet Defense Lawyer at The Donna's show. We hit two bars & crash some party, then call it an evening. Get her phone number and two kisses. Ten years older and sexier than you can imagine!

Conan-a-palloza Parts I & II!

Portland trip one: Birthday Bar Crawl with Becca, Hang out with Defense Lawyer and shopped for records, get trashed with Pat & Co. & catch Mr. Bungle, then race home for work the next day with Ellen & Jon & Kiisu.

Regular visits from Kiisu begin as Cider becomes the drink of choice for many of the tenants.

Portland trip two: don't do much of anything, hang out with Becca, watch worst movie ever. Come back with Becca & have a bad few days.

Josh returns from Ireland! We convene here and rock out!

Ramen City Kid gets a hickey! Other Cody fiasco ensues. Sigh.

Ramen City Kid & I discover Wednesday Night Vet's Club Scene! Oh, the horror! Spying on girls! Spying on boys! "Go To Work Drunk / There's No Reason Not To."

An endless blur of Beer, friends, introspection & loud music.

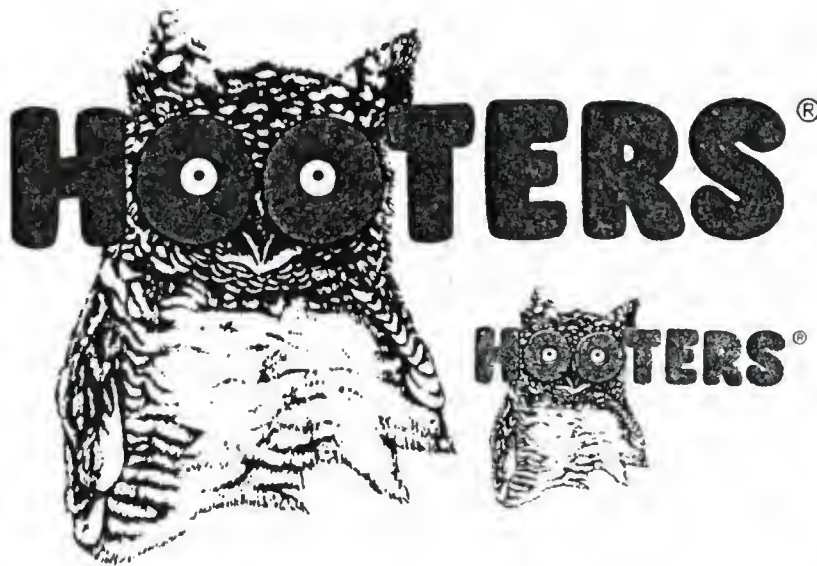
Summary:

You try to take a textual picture & put it all into words. Something that will make sense. Something that will mean something. Sometimes it works.

Sometimes.

Summer used to be about being a kid. It used to mean that you would run around in the woods and play games and not worry about dumb shit like work & girls and the future. It captures all there is about being young & irresponsible without sounding impetuous & decadent. Even the bad days seemed good in the long run. Maybe only one summer was like that. Maybe none of them ever really are. Maybe it's just something in your head that convinces you that now is not as good as then.

This summer came pretty damn close to being that summer though. So what if it's not real. I had a good time, right?



LOOK DEEPLY
INTO MY EYES
AND CONSIDER THIS...
WE PROUDLY PRESENT
THE SOON TO BE
RELATIVELY FAMOUS

My favorite Hooters Menu Selections

To get the whole experience you had to be there

HOOTERS CHICKEN WINGS

NEARLY WORLD FAMOUS

OFTEN IMITATED,
HARDLY EVER DUPLICATED

THE ULTIMATE HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICH7.99

The piggy came from a market, the cheese came from a cow.

We added some secret sauce and they're on a roll now.

CHICKEN SANDWICH7.99

After the wings were gone what else could we do but save the breast.

STEAK SANDWICH8.99

"We think you'll like it - but then ... we think the Chicago Bears are secretly a roving band of Alaskan fur traders".

CURLY FRIES2.25

French fries are fun again. Peeled and curled entirely by computer & programmed by an Idaho refugee whom we have chained to the wall in the back room — tours on request — Please do not feed the employees.

OYSTERS

Nude (or raw on the half shell) or stewed

We purchase only the finest oysters available. However, raw oysters could be harmful or fatal to individuals with certain medical disorders. That shucks! What a raw deal!

BEFORE, DURING OR AFTER YOUR FEEDING FRENZY WASH IT
DOWN WITH ONE OF THESE BEVERAGES.
GO AHEAD BE DARING, YOUR MOM'S NOT WATCHING.

Ask your server about our extensive wine and champagne menu
just to see if she can keep a straight face.

HOOTERS

When cut into strips and played backwards
through a tape recorder
this menu will reveal the secret meaning of...

was on a bowling league as a kid, conjured up what I remembered about how to keep score, and just faked it. I think Cori won, I really don't know.

The cumulative effects of the trip were starting to take their toll on me and our group, and after bowling we cruised back to the motel. I had all these various visions of cruising some bars or maybe a coffee shop on my own. Maybe meet some local teens... hang out a bit. But I was far too exhausted for that. A little booze, a little TV, and we were all tired. There was something in that Canadian Pilsner, I believe, that really did a number on us, so we all passed out. To be honest, it was much more my speed and fit the mental trip I was on that day too, so I didn't mind too much.

My dreams were invaded by images of home. I was looking forward to the trip back. Fun had been had and we all had grown to understand the necessity of just traveling with no direction. But it was also very obvious that respect for home was a huge lesson I was learning.

3/22/99. 6:33 P.M. Portland, PBR's Place.

We all woke up feeling a little ragged around the edges, but we had to check out of the motel early and hit the road. We were hoping we could get to Portland in one long marathon blast down I-5, but had no real clue how the day would turn out. So, pack the van, breakfast at McDonald's, and off we go.

Crossing back into the U.S. was so easy it was ridiculous. Listen Up! If you need to get into the U.S., go across the boarder from Canada. They asked us three questions ("Where are you from originally?" "How long were you in Canada?" "Did you buy anything?") and then we were off. That's it. Shit, I should have smuggled some drugs or something. So, the lesson we learned that day was getting into the U.S. from Canada is VERY easy. They don't seem to give a shit.

It was weird just bolting down I-5 non-stop. Cori is definately the driving ninja. I always reach this content state on long trips that makes me want to sleep. Almost womb-like. It's strange how your comfort zones adjust to the point where something normal becomes something strange and foreign. The one time we stopped for gas I felt so disoriented I was glad to get back in the van.

It may have been six hours but it felt like one, and suddenly we were back in Portland. We now had two choices. We could a) Hook up with Pat & Angie again & spend the night or b) call them, get my hat I left at their house, and blow into Eugene. After a brief discussion we all decided that we really needed one more night. There was a cycle to complete. We'd started the Bohemian adventure in Portland and we needed to finish it in Portland too. "Oh the circle won't be broken."

We cruised town a bit. I was having a bit of a dilemma, because since I hadn't called the last two times I'd been through Portland, I probably should call my friend PBR. However, this could result in unwanted headaches seeing how I probably won't be able to get over to her place anyway. But what the heck; give her a call, see what's up, that sort of shit. Say hi.

No answer. Oh well, try again later. Meanwhile, we finally got through to Angie. Zip... time to party. Pat showed up shortly after, and we began to percolate a good plan. Food, to be obtained at The Roxy, and bowling pin beers, to be aquired at the Bowling alley. Upon completion of the plan's development, there was but one more thing to do for me, and that was call & leave a message with PBR to let her know what's up.

This turned out to my disadvantage, because I learned that not only was there some sort of gathering of people at her house, but that two of the people were from Eugene who were both good friends, and one was the girl I was dating. The think plottens!

I couldn't ditch out on the bowling plans, nor did I want to, so I told everyone I'd call them back. Poof! Off to the Roxy. I love Pat! Ever since I first met him I thought he ruled, but we've never had one-on-one bonding until that night. We have a lot in common and the point that he is a true friend was driven home by our drunken rampage the last time we were hanging out. God, that X moment in the car sealed it. He is a friend to the end.

Everyone else was quietly chatting about this and that while Pat & I were in a world all our own. Finally the majority of the food was consumed so it was off to the bowling alley. AC/DC on the jukebox, two games of 10-Pin (American) bowling, and several Bowling Pin Shaped Beers. This is the life. I needed to make a quick call to PBR's house again. Maybe they could meet us at Pat's, or...

No go. They're on foot and we'd all been drinking. I really wanted to see Becca (and PBR, and Tia, and everyone for that matter), but it really didn't seem likely. They lived on the other side of the bridge and it was a bit of a walk to say the least. Plus, I owed it to Damien and Cori & Austin. We had one bottle of Bohemian left and we needed to finish that off. Complete the cycle. There was the last step in our journey to make.



NAME	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
1 Me	2	6	7	10	12	13	19	22	26	29
2 Austin	4	6	7	7	9	11	11	20	24	27
3 Damian	1	2	4	5	5	7	8	9	9	10
4 Cori	9	13	13	13	16	19	20	24	25	31



Bowling Scores
From Canadaland

Me, Tara & PBR
visit Japan



Damien Buys Cigarettes In Canada
The warning on the X pack read:
"Smoking Will Kill You." They
Don't Fuck Around In Canada



I left a long & drunk message about how I'd see them all in the morning and hoped for the best. Things would work themselves out. In the meantime, I had beer to drink.

Pat & Angie called it quits and Cori was about to pass out too, so we toasted each other and our trip and thus ended the Bohemian Trip '99. But we're not home free yet.

4/1/99. 3:00 P.M. L & L Market.

Damien & I felt the need for a walkabout and Austin wanted to join us so we grabbed a housekey and we were off. We blazed a small trail around some areas we were familiar with because of previous jaunts and after a time settled on a large metal structure to drink on. This was definite man-bonding time. There's something about walking around at night that I don't think women understand. Maybe they vent that energy some other way. Who knows? I don't mean to sound sexist, but it is a guy thing to throw shit around, break stuff, and wander. Isn't it? Regardless, it was good to unwind.

Damien decided he was going to try and break some bricks at one point. I was pretty cynical but figured I'd watch. We were pretty drunk and this was a bit more macho than I wanted to be. At the same time though, I wanted him to fuck shit up. So, yeah, let's break shit! Damien set up this curved brick and started preparing. Either way, drunk or sober, he trains Kung Fu, and you can't just do dumb manshit without getting ready. In, out. In, out. Smash... ouch. His hand rebounded off the curved brick like rubber. He said a little, "Shit," and started rubbing his hand. My hand started to hurt smypathetically. Oh well, he was drunk. I'm sure he could have...

Upon closer inspection the brick was broken, but because it was curved the pieces were supporting each other and couldn't fall. Screams of joy at Damiens successful feat. The accomplishment only begged for more. This time he choose a flat brick. Smash, right through with no pain. This ruled! I was getting pumped; I wanted to break shit! After a few bricks Damien decided he would do two. Now I knew he was nuts. First he set up a brick, then on the ends put parts of broken bricks as a spacer, then another brick on top. Each brick was about two inches thick. This was six inches of space that Damien planned to put his hand through without pain. Yeah, right. Now he really was going to hurt his hand.

In, out. In, out. It went on forever. Time froze. Then, suddenly, it started again. His release practically broke the sound barrier. Woosh... smash. Right through both bricks. Holy Shit! Fuckin' amazing! Now that's what I call Hardcore.

As we were walking away Damien said, "I've never done that before." I said, "Yeah, I bet it's different when you're drunk." He said, "No, I've never ever done that before. I just thought I could because I was drunk."

Wow.

We wandered around a bit more and then headed back to the apartment and found our way up to the roof. There, in a ritualistic fashion, we downed the last of the Beast Ice and toasted a successful walkabout. I badly needed sleep, so I left them to blow up Damien's lighter outside while I let the tender fingers of sleep massage my brain. It wasn't restful, but at least it was sleep.

Editor's Note:

I'm a lazy bastard, and so, consequently, I didn't get what happened next written down in my journal when it was still fresh. This affects the remainder of the story little, but it does make it more of a fuzzy memory, possibly prone to embellishment, oversight, or inaccuracy. Oh well. I promise I'll piece it together as best I can.

6/3/99. 12:30 P.M. Blitzhäus.

I woke up to a phone call from PBR. She told me that Becca & Tia had already left for Eugene at around 6am. I was really upset about that, but at the same time I didn't dwell on it. Shit happens, and I'll get to see Becca when I get back so it's all good. Now it was up to me to make a decision. Should I kick it in Portland for one more day, or head back to Eugene with the gang?

I didn't have to work again for some time, and another day in Portland would give me a chance to hang out with PBR and her crew. But I didn't want to ditch Damien & Cori & Austin. Plus, Damien & Cori had been paying my way for the trip on my word that I'd pay them back (I have yet to at this writing, but I will, I swear). The only way I could swing another day would be to borrow some cash from PBR, who, after a little coersion, agreed. Now, could I get back to Eugene after that? Apparently, yes, because Pat wanted to catch up on the old Eugene crew and giving me a ride to Eugene was a good excuse to do so.

All I had to do now was say goodbye to Damien & Cori & Austin. It wasn't easy. I'd come to

really enjoy their company and I felt, in a way, I was ditching them when I really shouldn't. But I also had another mission I had to go on, and I think they understood that. So the happily dropped me off at Pioneer Square, and I hiked up the road to PBR's place and we celebrated the long-overdue reunion.

First order of business: breakfast. We hiked over to Rocco's for some pizza & a pitcher of beer. I finally had someone I could unload on about various mental issues I was having with girls, and it was nice to BS about this and that. We stopped in at Reading Frenzy after that and I was in absolute heaven. This place is a must for your next trip to Portland. Check it out, by all means. Hopefully, by the time you read this, they will start carrying this magazine too, so you'll even have another reason to support them (not that you'd need another one, but you get the idea). End of free plug.

After that we cruised over to our mutual friend Tara's work and got sticker-pictures of all three of us taken, and then headed back to PBR's place to work out what to do with the rest of the day. I was still very tired, and PBR wanted me to check out this bar called The Vern that night. So we decided to take a power nap before we headed out. For a nap that only lasted a few hours it was a damn good nap. I woke up feeling ready to tackle the world, and with that we headed out to go to The Vern.

This is a damn cool bar. It is shitty and scummy and slimy and white trash and absolute heaven as long as you don't want hard liquor (see, it's a Tavern... get it? TAVERN. The neon sign is burned out. The joke never gets old). The bar was tended by this old biker looking type guy. No matter what you said to him or what you tipped him, he glared at you like you were a yuppie piece of shit. Which, compared to him, you probably were (he was pretty hardcore). The jukebox was amazing, and had The Germs, DK, The Weridos, The Descendants, Johnny Cash, AC/DC, The Clash, and all kinds of ill shit on it that rocked my cock. Pitchers of Pabst were \$4. In the bathroom, there was graffiti all over every single inch of everything. The clientele looked as if at any moment a fight would break out. I was in love from the moment I got there.

To give you a good example of how great this place was: at one point I got up to use the bathroom, and the urinal was it's usual filthy self that you find in any kind of bathroom. The next time I got up to use the bathroom the urinal was covered, from top to bottom, in chunky puke. You gotta love it. Not only that, but when we first got there, they were watching the Simpsons, and the entire bar was silent as if this was the half hour that their entire day had revolved around. Now that is fuckin' cool.

At The Vern we met up with Tara & Denise, a girl I used to date waaaaaaay back in the day who is now, apparently, a lesbian. Odd. She brought along this girl, Sharma I think was her name, and after a bit of conversation we came to the realization that she knew my mom somehow. How fucking random is that? You know that thing about 6 degrees of separation? Try more like 1 when it comes to Eugene.

It was really weird sitting in this bar with them. I've had some kind of relationship with all three of these girls (not counting Sharma) and it began to fuck with my head after a while. The only thing that really made sense was to get really fucked up. We went through so many pitchers it was ridiculous. I outdrank them all and I still wanted more. Some sort of insatiable urge to just go completely insane. I needed to lose myself in myself, and I was doing a damn fine job of it.

Finally, we had to leave it we wanted any chance of getting back to PBR's place that night. Myself, Tara, Denise and PBR all stumbled through the streets of Portland at top volume trying to find this mythical busstop that was still serviced at 1 in the morning or some equally god-awfully late hour... for busses, that is. I sat on the bus bench and rambled on and on about this and that, stopping only long enough to puke, which consisted of, at this point, mostly clear fluid with chunks of the asperin--the only thing I'd eaten since the pizza--in it. Apparently (I heard this second hand) at one point Denise asked me if I had just puked. I turned and looked at the puke and looked back at her and said, "I don't know," and puked again. I was really fucked up.

The bus finally came and we went back to PBR's house. At this point, it was all a blur. I hunkered down on the couch and sort of passed out until PBR put this bowl of her famous Potatoes of Love in front of me (a side note: if you ever run into PBR, have her make you a bowl of her Potatoes of Love. These things rock my cock so much I can't do them justice on paper. Now, back to the story). I don't actually remember eating them but I guess I did while I was asleep. I do remember looking at an empty bowl and setting it aside and passing out for real.

I woke up the next day feeling alive and vigorous and ready to tackle the day while everyone else kind of flopped around and moaned and told me to fuck off. See, I don't really get hangovers any more, or rather, I guess I've just gotten used to feeling like that all the time. So while I was all rip roaring and ready to get some coffee, they all wanted to slowly ease into the day over the course of several hours or some such shit. Oh well. I did get another bowl of Potatoes Of Love out of it, so the wait was worth it.

We finally got motivated and cruised around town a bit. I had to meet up with Pat after he got off work later that night, but in the meantime we wandered around and went to the Greyhound station so Tara could meet some friend of her's and in general just kind of hung out. Eventually we went back to PBR's place and I grabbed a beer and she told me that last night reminded her of a scene in a Bukowski book. She related to me about how this guy she had been seeing for a while fucked her over and when he finally left he gave her a copy of Women by Bukowski. What a shithead. She let me borrow it, and after reading it I actually, sadly enough, thought it was kind of funny that he did it... if it hadn't happened to her. I thought about it and came up with at least a few people that deserved to get copies of that book.

I bid my friends goodbye after a while and took the bus out to Pat & Angie's house. Pat had just gotten off work and was still washing up and getting ready, so I bullshitted with Angie for a while. Angie used to go to Cottage Grove High School with me years ago, and though we never hung out then because we ran with different crowds, now we get along pretty good. She's really cool and lot's of fun and I'm glad I know her. She's the kind of person who seems to have a good time no matter what.

We piled in the car and got some Taco Bell food, and then became really suspicious of it after we all felt like we were on drugs afterward. Pat & I dropped Angie off somewhere so she could dance (I believe), and then we were off. Pat's driving is just as wild when he's sober. We blasted down I-5 at nearly 80mph most of the way (I think our top speed was 110 at one point) and made it back in Eugene at about 10. We greeted The Ramen City Kid with stories and beer, and only when I'd had another cup of coffee to keep me sane did I really feel like I'd finally gotten "home".

I ran to hook up with Becca for a little while, seeing how I hadn't seen her in many moons and missed her quite a bit, then ran back for more beer. There's nothing like beer to solidify a friendship and cement things between friends. Pat was going to stay one more night after this and we had to make it count.

The next day we ran around town a bit and then parted ways so Pat could do Pat things and I could do me things. It's weird how you can leave town for almost a week solid and come back and find that nothing has changed, and at the same time, you've got so much shit to do to catch up. You think everything is going to fall apart behind you because you like to think you're important, but when you get back you realize that all that really changed is that they missed you and now you have more work to do. It's actually kind of comforting in a fucked up way.

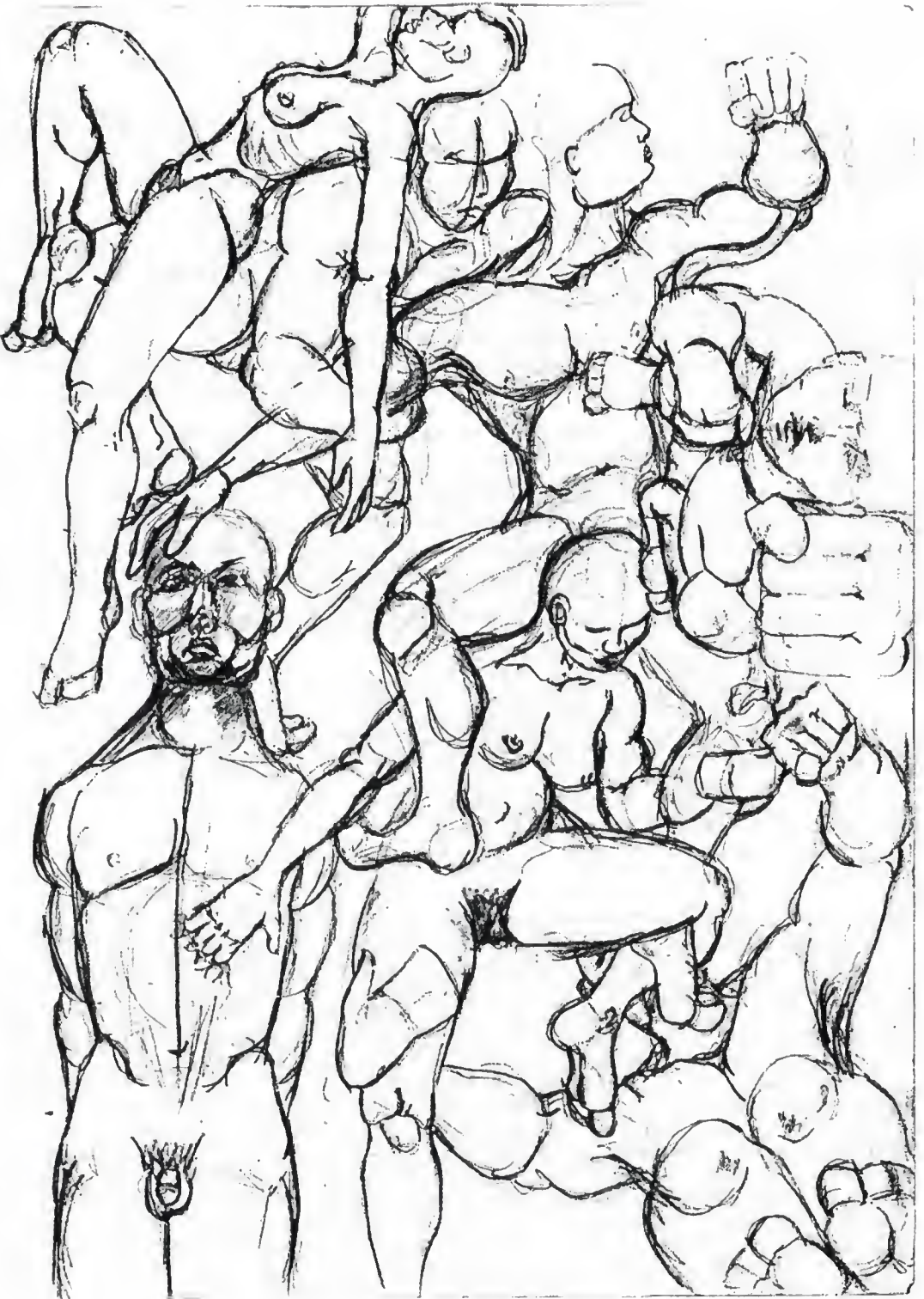
That night we tried to see Life Is Beautiful with Damien and his brother Matt, who had come down to visit, and Matt's girlfriend, but it was sold out when we got there. So, we rented movies instead and drank up a storm. I haven't seen Pat that trashed in a looooooong time. After the movies we rented, the post Motley Crue party began and all hell broke loose. Pat began to make beer lasoos and finally, after he'd gone completely apeshit, spent quite a bit of time in the bathroom heaving his guts up. I felt bad but at the same time I've been there before and I knew he'd live. I put on Daniel Johnston (which got made fun of but I told everyone they can fuck themselves) and spent the next few hours in drunken contemplation.

The next day Pat was very hungover but okay, and after some revitalizing drinks he was ready to tackle the drive back to Portland. I, on the other hand, had to return to my drab, wretched job, and though I was looking forward to routine again as a way to regain my sanity, it also solidified my resolve to quit and roam the country like a madman.

It's really funny how in the long run we all returned to our lives like nothing had happened. After all, this was some gigantic bohemian adventure we'd been on, and in the end I was still going to work every day and everyone else seemed to be doing the same old stuff. I have no real explanation for it all, but I can say that in the end, I came to understand better the routine I've made for myself here in Eugene.

I now also understand I need to get the fuck out of this town.

GO NAKED



Demen Drew This During Various Phases Of The Trip

I'm shy. I don't know how to deal with girls. That's just the way I am. But I told myself it was gonna be different this time. I had a big crush on her & have had 1 for some time now. I figured this should be easy enough. Make her a tape, hang out a few times on sort of "dates," then go for it. I'd heard through the grapevine that she was also interested, so it couldn't be more easy.

Except...

I had to do all the legwork. Or @ least, that was the impression I had. "The Grapevine" told me that she wanted me to make the move. Just great. I'm terrible @ this. In my mind, "going for it," involves me trying my hardest to go in for the hand-hold until they get fed up & just kiss me. Works pretty good if you don't mind not ever getting kissed, but what the hell, that's just because I'm a "smooth operator".

I'm nervous as hell. I've been trying to be really obvious. I really can't tell how I'm doing. All those things that led up to this moment are running through my head. Me saying to her friends while I'm drunk that I really like her. Her friends telling me to go for it. Why do I have to do all the work? For once in my life I'd like to have them bc really interested in me. Maybe even ask me out & then have them try to "go for it."

Who am I kidding. I love this shit. I love acting like an idiot. I love making a fool of myself. I love that clumsy moment when we both know that I'm trying to kiss her & she looks @ me like she isn't 100% sure if it's a good idea, then gets that look like she really doesn't mind as long as it's clear that if I'm not good she can punch me later. I love all that shit. The fear they instill in me. I thrive on it.

The big moment. I've envisioned this a million times & it's getting to the point where if I don't kiss her I'd better leave. The embarrassing pauses in the conversation are so long we could have been there for years for all I know. I make "my movc," an awkward lean across her bed to her face where I know that, not only are we both uncomfortable, but that I must look really dorky if anyone were watching. I don't care. The kiss is perfect, tender, sweet, & exactly as I envisioned. Except...

Click. "Shit."

"I think we're stuck. Hold on..."

Locked piercings. My tongue in her lip. I'm mortified.

In the '80's it was braces jokes. I'd been saying for years now to all my friends that it was only a matter of time before it was piercing jokes. I just didn't realize the joke would bc on me.

I laughed nervously but secretly died on the inside until she told me she thought it was funny too. What can I say? It's punk-rock love.

* * *

NOMEANSNO, Royal Grand Prix, Shortround. 2/27/99. W.O.W. Hall.

I am probably the last guy on earth to have discovered the glory that is NOMEANSNO. I guess that's just part of the Dork Aesthetic. You're always the last to know about anything. I discovered them last summer, after they had played in town. After I had said, "Hey, I should go to that NOMEANSNO show @ the W.O.W. Hall," & the Ramen City Kid said, "Yes, you should meet me there," & then after the show he said, "Hey, why were you not @ the show?" & I had to make up an excuse that essentially boiled down to being, "My girlfriend." I discovered them right after that happened, & right after their new album.

But I didn't care. This wasn't about hearing them before anyone else. This was about their album Wrong. This was about long nights wandering the town with that album in my walkman. This was about gritting my teeth when I listen to it on the bus on the way home from work. This was about, "I'm An Asshole," from thier new album being played as loud as humanly possible & screaming along with it. This was about a whole new way of venting the fact that I hate everyone & everything, & when it got right down to the meat & potatoes of it, I could give a shit about how long it took me to find this band. They filled that void that I desperately needed to have filled, finally, after countless back stabbings & girl-mind-fucks, & the only thing that could be any better than that--that would completc mc--was to see them live.

When I found out they were playing on the 27th I requested the day off from work the next day. I bought a ticket to the show as soon as I could afford it. I told everyone I was not missing this show for the

world. No girlfriend, war, job, debilitating disease or landlord demanding late rent money was gonna keep me from being front & center for this. I'd sell everything I owned when it really came down to it. In the long run, yeah, \$10.50 was a lot for a show, but I'd pay a whole lot more just to hear them play, "It's Catching Up." If, that is, they still did.

It occurred to me that I may have made a mistake. I had heard they don't play much of their older material anymore, & aside from The Dance Of The Headless Bourgeoises & a few other songs here & there on other albums I really didn't know much by them. In my mind, their entire existence revolved around Wrong. What if they didn't play it? Even worse, what if they didn't play anything I knew? What if I paid \$10.50 to see three bands & not recognize a single song any of them played?

I did my research. I started listening to my roommates albums in an attempt to learn more songs. But none of them did it for me quite like Wrong did. Sure, they were all great. I loved them all (The Day Everything Became Nothing is amazing!). But it wasn't the same. They managed to cram into Wrong everything that was important. Every single emotion that I needed to have dealt with... all in one album. It was perfect. There was no aspect of it that I didn't like. For them to not play even one song would be a crime against music.

The day of the show came. I drank myself silly. Obliteration. Fear & Loathing. I needed to be numb. This was going to be either the biggest disappointment or the greatest day of my life. Vodka. Lots of it. Build up to it. Start pacing. That's it. Get the blood flowing. Bolt to the W.O.W. Hall. Run inside.

Shortround was on the stage. They were fun. A lot of people didn't like them, but I thought they were pretty good. I'm not sure if they would sound that good @ home in your stereo, & who knows, maybe I was just drunk. But they were fun. Then Royal Grand Prix (pronounced "Pricks") took the stage. They were awesome. If you get a chance, see these guys. They are funnier than shit & play really good pop punk. Come on, admit it. You like it. You love that shit. You love to sit down & sing along & tap your toes & move your head back & forth. The sooner the world comes to terms with the fact that, deep down, what they really need is a good pop punk band to fill their heart & soul, the sooner we can all sigh the collective sigh of relief and get on with our lives. I'm serious. They put on a fun show & they have all these choreographed things they do for each song. It's great. Check 'em out, you won't be sorry.

Then the big moment came. I made my way up front after taking my last little swig out of my flask. Right underneath the mic stand. The stage is set. Everyone is nervous. They came out. "We gotta get this underway, this town has a curfew." Then it comes. That first bass pop with the kick drum. "It's Catching Up." I died. I lost my fucking mind & started screaming. This was what my whole life had led up to. It was not a question anymore why I was here. Everything fell into two categories: Before & After. This was during, & I was losing my mind.

They played forever. It was like a dream. I wanted to stay there forever. It didn't matter that I was getting the shit beat out of my back. I'd endure if they would. Just keep playing. This was *the* moment. They played it all. "I'm An Asshole." "The World Wasn't Built In A Day." "Two Lips, Two Lungs & One Tongue." So much stuff. There were tons of songs I didn't know & they were just as good. 50 year old Canadians, & they still ruled more than anything else. It was no longer a question of enjoying the show. They were gonna make you like it whether or not you wanted to.

They kept doing encores until I thought they really weren't ever gonna stop playing. The lights eventually did go up & I just sat there, lost & confused. I wished I could do it over again. I wish there was some kind of video game where you could put in a quarter & be back @ the show. The only thing that made sense after that was obliteration. More beer. More drinking. Loose my mind. It didn't really matter anymore anyway.

I had finally seen NOMEANSNO.

* * *

Secret Crush #1,000,001 by G.M.

You'll never know it's me. I'll never tell you. I'm too scared to say anything. I watch you and I dream about you. Your glasses and your hair. The clothes you wear. I want to know what you're like outside of your job. When you work I look forward to my own job. I'm so nervous I can rarely bring myself to visit you. When I do, I come over on my breaks and try to find some kind of excuse to talk to you that sounds reasonable. I order CDs just so I can talk to you. You turn around and I steal glances

when I know you aren't aware. I wish I could pry a little more information out of you.

CDs. I try to get a window to you by what you're familiar with. What you've heard of. But no luck. You seem to know just about everything. You're an enigma. Almost impossible. I hope and pray you'll come in to my work so I can watch what you read. But when you're in I'm distracted by a customer and busy. If only...

I know I'll never say anything. I tell my friends you're older & married in some attempt to convince myself there's a reason I don't talk to you. But the truth is I just can't do it. You're so pretty, so nice, so interesting. You know all about music; I just want to talk about it for hours. Girls never want to talk about music. So what if I can't tell what music you like. It's so hard to find someone who is enthusiastic about something like that. When I do it turns me on to no end.

When business is slow I watch your store and hope you'll walk by. When you make eye contact or wave I always freak out like I'm in high school. I'm suddenly in the hallway again and my first crush walks by and smiles and I have to hide in the library the rest of the day because I'm too shy to talk to you. I can't look at you because I know that to even look at you would let you know what I'm thinking and what I'm feeling. Somehow, you'll know if you look at me long enough. I just know it.

Maybe tomorrow I'll come in and order another CD that I could get cheaper if I went somewhere else. Maybe you'll be working the counter so I'll get to talk to you and see my reflection in your glasses. My secret crush. I'll never tell you. Too risky. This way, you'll never hurt me. You'll never turn me down and you'll never stop waving and smiling. You'll always be nice to me.

This way, I'll always look forward to seeing you at work.

A bookstore manager and a record store manager. In theory, how much more perfect can it get?

Closing Notes

by G.M.

This issue has been sitting around in various states of completion for a long time now. It's a great irony that I wrote the introduction with all of this summer-minded propaganda and *then* the pages were filled with stuff written *before* the summer was underway. Just to take it one step beyond, I guess, I had to get it out to you months *after* summer's over. For all intents and purposes I'll probably drag it out even farther making this epilog meaningless and the irony that much sweeter. Maybe I'll never finish this issue like #6. Now that would be poetic...

It was so long ago I started piecing this issue together that I can't remember what was going on in my life. I don't write the intro's immediately so sometimes a carcass of a 'zine will float around for a year before it becomes the next issue based souly on the fact that it's the only thing I can find when a wild hair goes up my ass. When I found this particular "carcass" and started piecing it together as issue #13 I just went with it. It felt right and I was still very happy with the parts of it that were already laid out. Why ruin a good thing?



In the meantime a whole lot of shit has happened. I picked up a lot of other projects on the way. The Nazi Project (which will grace these pages soon), Cigarette (which is currently available for one dollar if you haven't already gotten a copy... just write to the same old address), the Plasma Whore book (uhm... yeah, someday we'll finish that...), various and sundry other writings that may or may not see the light of day in addition to getting this issue completed. It started out completely innocently and started to grow into something very sinister.

"When's the new issue coming out?" they'd say.

"Oh, uhm... yeah... issue? Oh, you mean my 'zine... uhm, yeah... It's done. That's it! Yeah, it's done but, well... let's see... why is it not out yet? Oh! I know... wait. Who are you again?"

That sort of thing.

Stuff like that.

You get the idea.

The old joke that's been beat into the ground about 'zine writers apologizing about missing their own artificial deadlines seems to get less and less funny when it's more and more true (expecially when you steal it from other 'zines).

I would glance at the nearly completed issue (that now lies in your hands, hopefully) and no matter how close to finishing I got it didn't seem completely done. There was always some other thing to change, some misspelled word, some little sentence that didn't seem to flow naturally. A new angle on something would pop in my head and I'd try to add it in without changing the feeling of the original piece. Money became a factor too, but also it seemed the more I worked on it the more I felt like maybe I was forgetting something. There seemed to be a new part of the story that I was missing and without it the issue would never be complete.

Sometimes I wonder if the rest of my life exists as an entity to write about, or something to impede the process.

What happened was that so much had happened that I wanted to include it all:

One-Night-Stand: She picked me up and gave me a fake phone number when she left.

Chris's Birthday At Vet's: Absolutely hammered beyond belief.

Mondale's Second Show: I finally made it!

Mrs. Doom: Years of a secret crush comes to a head suddenly and disappears just as quickly.

Coos Bay Trip: Philosophy, Booze, Buddies and Coastal Soul!

Becca: Again

"The Problem": (Classified)

Tom Waits: Pat and Angie. Smoke a cigar. Mrs. Doom. Rooftop lore. Hammered again.

Fight Club: Book, movie, Brad, Previous Night's Bloody Marys, Stumbling Philosophy w/ PBR, more vodka, blah...

I guess I just didn't want to come to terms with the fact that you can never tell the whole story. You can never place the last period because there will always be something that happens afterward. The story keeps going on. Spring becomes summer and summer becomes fall. The wheel keeps spinning. It's the same old thing I've tried to stab at in these pages for years now.

I never learn, do I?

Or maybe I did and that's the point.

So many people helped write more of the story of my life this time around with our own little wacky misadventures that the real delay became not wanting to leave anything out. The truth is I could never fit all the thank you's in any entire issue. Each one has it's own story. Each one is just as important. Each one is poignant and relative and very, very ironic to boot. You all know who you are. You were there. You help write (and put off writing) this 'zine too.

So, THANK YOU, EVERYONE. Thank you for adding to the story that never ends and helping me put this off damn thing off. Thank you for feeding my own neuroses.

What would I do without you (or them)?

10/20/99.

NEXT ISSUE: More of the same.

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
P.O. BOX 10502
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